

AN UNFAIR STATEMENT.

The infatuation of the Charleston News and Courier for the policy of co-operation with Gov. Chamberlain has betrayed that journal into palpable error and gross unfairness more than once recently, and in no instance has it evinced less sagacity than in commenting upon the recent difficulty at Hamburg.

There is another point to be remembered, and that is, that when Democrats in South Carolina advise that a "straight-out" ticket be nominated, and that the State be carried on "the Mississippi plan," the popular understanding is that the Democracy shall elect their candidates by fraud and force.

Now, we are not disposed to employ harsh and denunciatory language towards the News and Courier, even when its statements are glaringly inconsistent and untrue. Time will correct much of its injurious and baneful work, and we are fully confident that the State Democratic Convention will inaugurate a campaign for the complete redemption of South Carolina by nominating candidates for Governor and all other offices, which will silence the clamor for co-operation so persistently made by the News and Courier.

This paragraph arraigns a policy which is advocated by many of the best citizens of South Carolina from the mountains to the seaboard, and attempts to connect that policy with butchery and brutality for political purposes. The most malignant partisan of the "bloody shirt" stripe could hardly excel this stigmatization of the conduct and motives of Democrats.

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We would remind the advocates of co-operation that impugning motives is a dangerous weapon for them to handle, and that it is just as easy for the "straight-out" Democrats to accuse them of being in league with Gov. Chamberlain to carry the State by "fraud and force."

company under Doc Adams has been a mere skeleton until two months ago, when it was recruited to eighty men—and by whose order and under whose direction? From the earliest days of the negro militia until the present time, the Governor has been deemed responsible for any outrages and excesses committed by them, for it is necessary to gain his consent before arms can be distributed or kept among the militia.

On the score of frauds, the case is equally strong against those who advise co-operation with Gov. Chamberlain, for he has the appointment of the commissioners of election, who are charged with the selection of managers to conduct the election, and upon their honesty and integrity will depend the result.

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BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

CHICAGO, August 1.—J. D. Poland, Captain of the Sixth Infantry, writes from Headquarters, Military Station, at Standing Rock, D. T., under date of July 24th, to the Adjutant-General Department of Minnesota, St. Paul, giving an Indian account of the battle of the Little Big Horn on June 26.

It says, however, that Sitting Bull was neither killed nor personally engaged in the fight. He remained in the council tent directing operations. Crazy Horse, with a large band, and Black Moon, were the principal leaders on the 25th of June. Kill Eagle, a chief of the Black Feet, at the head of some twenty lodges, was at this agency about the last of May.

He was prominently engaged in the battle of June 26th, and afterwards upbraided Sitting Bull for not taking an active personal part in the engagement. Kill Eagle has sent word that he will return to the agency if he is killed for it. The report closes as follows: There is a great gathering in the hostile camp from each of the agencies on the Missouri River.

HAMBURG JUSTICE.—A cow belonging to a citizen of Augusta crossed the bridge and went into Hamburg a day or two ago. She was seized by a party of negroes and killed. The Augusta man hearing of this outrage, and learning the names of the parties, went over and had warrants issued for their arrest, which was made. The justice of the peace received his fees from the citizen, and afterwards dismissed the case and let the guilty parties go scot free.—Constitutionalist.

ONE OF CUSTER'S SCOUTS. Daring Deeds of "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds, Who Perished With his General—His Romantic History.

I see in the list of the killed under Custer, says a Graphic correspondent, the name of Charley Reynolds—"Lonesome Charley" Reynolds. When Custer was at the base of Harney's peak in 1874 and our camp was ablaze with excitement over the gold discoveries, Custer sent for Boody Knif, the chief of his scouts, and asked for Indian to carry dispatches to Fort Laramie, two hundred miles below us.

Fort Lincoln was two hundred miles farther than Laramie, although the route to the latter place was beset with ten fold more dangers. It led directly through the Sioux hunting ground, and just at this particular time of the year the young men were all out in hunting parties so that the plains were full of them.

"I'll carry the mails to Laramie, General." Custer was familiar with courage in every form, but such a proposition surprised even him. "I wouldn't ask you to go, Reynolds," he said.

"I have no fear," responded the scout quietly. "When will you have the mail ready?" "I was intending to send something to-morrow night," replied Custer. "I'll go to-morrow night." And picking up his piece of buckskin and bottle of oil, Reynolds strode quickly away.

"There goes a man," said Custer, "who is a constant succession of surprises to me. I am getting so that I feel a humiliation in his presence. Scarcely a day passes—and I have known him three years—that does not develop some new and strong trait in his character. I would as soon have asked my brother Tom to carry a mail to Laramie as Reynolds."

The next day I saw Reynolds lead an old, ill-shaped, dun colored horse to the farrier's. I was somewhat curious to know if he was going to ride that animal to Laramie, and asked him.

"Yes," said he, in his quiet way. "The General lets me pick my own mount, and I've got one that suits me." Noticing my surprise at his choice, he continued: "I suppose I could have picked out a better looking one, but this is the sort for my trip."

About four o'clock that evening an engineering party started off in the direction Reynolds was to take, and saddling his horse and strapping on a canvas bag of letters, he accompanied us. We rode till about ten o'clock, and then to camp in a cluster of trees near a spring. A fire was lighted, a pot of coffee made, and after drinking a cupful, Reynolds mounted his saddle, and rode off into the dark.

Reynolds was the son of a wealthy and aristocratic family in Tennessee, but was educated in the North, and when the war broke out he found himself in a painful dilemma. He had imbibed enough of Northern ideas to make him strongly hostile to the secession movement, while

his mother, mother and uncles with the exception of the Confederate army as soon as possible. He was a man of a fine physique, and a fine disposition, and a disposition to do some work for which he was too cowardly or incompetent.

He was a short, stocky man with a little stoop to his shoulders, and had a way of looking forward with his face to the ground. He had a shrunken, but a very handsome mouth, and a forehead which could trace blue veins.

He was full bearded, but without the growth of hair nor the marks of exposure had effaced the lines of beauty from his face. His manner was unobtrusive and gentle, his voice was as soft and tender as a woman's.

He was a man that loved instinctively at first acquaintance, and was respected, although he was never flattered by the wisest of his friends. He had caught a whole tribe of Indians single handed, people said, although no one ever learned of an exploit from his own lips.

LOVE, LIKENESS AND LARCENY.—A strange incident is pending in Atlanta. A young man, becoming enamored of a buxom widow, offered her hand and heart, and was accepted. Photographs were exchanged, and the course of true love ran smoothly for several months.

The case was tried. The widow, in her testimony, alluded to the photograph as "his photograph." This was the straw to which defendant's counsel clung. "Being 'his photograph,'" he could not be charged with larceny for taking his own.

A Negro Lynched.—St. Louis, Mo., July 31.—The Globe Democrat's Leavenworth special says: "Raphael Williams, a colored man, ravished a white woman named Mrs. Davis, at her house, at Camden Point, Mo., last Thursday night. He was arrested the next day, and lodged in jail in Platte City.

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BRUTES IN BATTLE.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 20, 1876.—John Connolly, better known as "Butcher" Connolly, who was employed on the Monticello and Port Jervis Railway during its construction a few years since, and who obtained considerable notoriety about the country by matching himself to kill rats like a terrier, and to fight with dogs, recently died from injuries received in a fight with a bulldog in St. Clairsville, Pa., the details of which brutal affair are given in a private letter from that place to a gentleman in Port Jervis.

Connolly had been hostler at a tavern in St. Clairsville for some time previous to the affair mentioned above. On the 8th of July he got drunk and went into Way's saloon. Lying on the floor asleep was a large hound, old and harmless, belonging to the proprietor of the saloon.

Connolly got on his hands and knees, and put his head under the table. The dog looked lazily up into his face and wagged his tail good naturedly. The human brute, however, by a sudden movement, seized one of the dog's ears, which were half cropped, in his teeth, and, dragging him from under the table, commenced shaking him.

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DOMESTIC RECIPES.

WELSH RABBIT.—One-quarter pound of rich cheese, cut in small bits; put in a frying-pan, heated and buttered, with a cupful of milk; when the cheese is all dissolved add one well beaten egg, one-half salt-spoonful dry mustard, heaping teaspoonful of flour, a little butter, have four or five or more slices of toast ready; stir the mixture all up together and pour immediately over the hot toast; serve instantly, as it is not good when cold.

CORN BREAD.—Pour boiling water on one pound of sifted white corn meal and two tablespoonfuls of flour, with a heaping teaspoonful of salt; then dash in enough cold water to make it a stiff batter, cover it over, and let it stand all night. In the morning melt a tablespoonful of lard, butter, or bacon grease, and mix well. Add eggs if liked; no molasses. Grease the pans well, and bake quickly in a hot oven.

PICKLE ONIONS.—Put them in cold salt water and heat to scalding point; let them cool, and then remove the peels, cover with cold vinegar, boil the spices in vinegar, and add.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Take five pounds of grapes and one pint of vinegar; cook until you can strain through a sieve; to the juice add two pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of salt, one of black pepper, and one of cloves; cook down to two quarts.

TO MAKE HARD CUSTARD.—Put on the stove one quart of milk to heat; when just at the boiling point take off and pour into a bowl. Have ready in another bowl five eggs, beaten up with half a teaspoonful of sugar. Pour eggs and sugar gradually into the milk, mixing thoroughly; flavor and pour into a baking dish. Set the dish into a dripping pan, with about one inch of boiling water covering the surface of the pan; as the water evaporates renew it. Bake half an hour in a medium oven.

BATTER PUDDING.—To make first-rate batter pudding take six eggs, seven heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, one small teaspoonful of salt, and one quart of milk; separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs, beat the flour with the yolks and milk, beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add them last; have a square cloth of jean and wet it with hot water; then squeeze it dry and flour it to keep the batter from running through; place it in a bowl and pour the batter in, tie it close and tight, and boil one hour.

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